

Flames of Perseverance

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Flames of Perseverance

by [09Pyros](#) [09Hydros](#)

Summary

You know, when one dies they expect to be brought to a place somewhere else; another plane that would supposedly be their heaven or hell or whatever they think the afterlife is.

When he died, he expected hell, or even limbo, heaven probably was out of his grasp even with that bizarre stunt he last pulled; *not meeting a familiar melting figure in the void of death **and** reincarnating as a flaming baby.*

His memories have blurred, he can't remember much of his personal life but what he does remember was playing a certain game before things went to hell. Now in his new life, he has to deal with being an entirely different species, a protective incendiary older brother, the ghosts of children, a psychotic flower too curious for his own good with a matching teenage ghost that fully reawakens when Frisk falls and a new sense of pyromania.

Things had gotten worsen and weirder when and after ***The Accident*** happens. And Gaster was *not* making things easier for the *both* of them. Nothing is making sense but at least when the resets happen he'll have Sans as understanding company; now if only the skeleton would stop being weird.

Notes

Oh look, a fiction that's *not Homestuck?! *GASP**

But in all seriousness and honesty, this fic was inspired by both fics below:

Future of Yours by Unknown Region

Soft Pink Hearts by Harrish6

I hope you enjoy this thing and stay around for the ride, it's gonna be one hell of it.

Rebirth of Fire

Chapter Notes

So biology is not my best course, *much less* hypothetical fantasy biology about fire elemental monsters of the underground.

It's going to take a while till the main arc of Undertale, I'm kind of dragging this out for reasons you'll eventually see. Though it'll be somewhat kind of rushed in the first chapter? I want to get some things done in this chapter, like establishing the timeline and certain ages. At the end of the chapter I will put down the age cheat sheet as well kind of reminding you guys on the timeline of the story.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

~ P.o.V ??????? ~

He looked anxiously at the wall, fiddling nervously with the hem of his shirt as he waited, his dad would have been *just* as nervous as he was but he was inside the other room with his mom who was going through the pains of delivering the newest addition to the family.

'I'm going to be a big brother.' Flitted across his head as he kept fiddling around with his shirt, toying with the seam though he would not dare pull at it and unravel his shirt; his mom worked hard on it and he was a good grown boy, he was already 7 years old! *And he was going to be a big brother*, he reminded himself with a nervous yet delirious smile.

"Grillby!" He jolted at his name, standing instantly and scrambling into the room when his dad opened the door with a big smile, "Come meet your new brother." Laughed Dad as he lead him towards the bed, he took note of the extreme scorch marks on the walls, the doctor nervously but happily looking at them and wishing congratulations, though he didn't stay long and escaped the scorched room; the plant over there was still on fire and it was close to where the doctor was standing.

But Grillby didn't pay attention to the doctor but focused on his tired mother, who was cradling a white bundle with wisps of blue escaping it, she was smiling tiredly but brightly as she motioned him to come closer.

"Hi Mom." He whispered as he came closer, carefully climbing the bed with the help of his dad and cuddled closer to her, gasping in awe as he sees his new baby brother.

He was so *cute*, chubby bright blue cheeks with blue sparks of fire, a small hand escaping from the confinement of the white fire-proof cloth. His new baby brother squirmed, eyes closed and somewhat squinting, his hand flailed in the air and Grillby caught it, feeling his very SOUL pounding loudly in his chest as the baby finally opened his eyes, bright whitish blue spaces revealed themselves. Flame monsters, pure flame monsters like Grillby and his family, had no visible eyes or pupils but they had no problem with their sight.

"What's his name?" He asked curiously as his brother blinked tiredly and confusedly.

His mom laughed, pecking Grillby's cheek, "His name is Pyrem." She told him, smiling as his dad joined them on the bed partially, hugging them both and looking down to the newly-dubbed Pyrem who kept blinking but eventually nodded off to sleep.

"Pyrem..." Grillby said quietly with a small smile, poking at Pyrem's cheek, rubbing it softly as Pyrem slumbered in his mom's hold. The small flame baby let out a sleepy coo but didn't work as his mom shifted slightly, getting to a more comfortable position as she moved to let dad and Grillby have more room on the bed.

'I'm going to be the best big brother for you Pyrem, I promise.' Grillby thought determinedly as his mom let him hold Pyrem completely, smiling brightly as Pyrem cuddled closer to him, he was so happy the fire on his head crackled and formed *sparks*, something that hasn't happened since he was 4 years old.

Though he wasn't the only one thankfully, both of his parents had sparks appearing as well, albeit fewer sparks since they were adults and his father gave off more while his mother gave off less since she was still tired.

Holding Pyrem in his arms while cuddling with his family, nothing else mattered to the newly-made big brother Grillby.

Tired.

So. Tired.

"...i...m. "

Who?

"Wh...hi...name?"

Name? What was his name? Name...

He's too tired to remember...

"...is...me... Pyr... "

Pyr...?

"Pyrem..."

Pyrem... That's... a nice... name.

... So tired...

....Col...d...?

...

...?

No...

Warm...

So very warm...

Sleep...

~~"slEEp WEll deAREsT pYreM, i FInAlly kn OW wHAT yo U aRE...
yOu AR e IN fOr ONe intER estING fuTuRe smALL One"~~

Mm... hmn..?

~~"GuIDe mE wHEN th e ti mE coMes chIld, yOu Will knOw wHAT to D o.
An d ThEN I, wiLL Gu ide y Ou..."~~

You... are...

familiar.

~~"hahaHAhAhaHa... InDEed... TiLL neXt TimE my Fri END... gIve
GRillBY my... lo ve..."~~

... Grill...by... ? ? ?

~ P.o.V ????? ~

You know, when one dies they expect to be brought to a place somewhere else; another plane that would supposedly to be their heaven or hell or whatever they think the afterlife is. When he died, he expected hell, or even limbo, heaven probably was out of his grasp even with that bizarre stunt he last pulled; *not meeting a familiar melting figure in the void of death and reincarnating as a flaming baby.*

Well, 'meeting' was somewhat a stretch since he fairly remembered bleeding to death on the black 'ground' of an endless void that *felt* like death and looking up to a shocked face of a melting figure, a figure he was *sure* was *not* suppose to exist; he would've thought it was a hallucination or a

bizarre dream if it weren't for the fact after W.D. GASTER, smiled wide and **knocked him out** and then he **woke up as an infant on fire**.

"Pyrem!"

He blinked from his place from his own personal hell of a prison, *a fucking BABY CRIB*, to see his newest elder sibling; *Grillby*. Or at least, a young child version of the incendiary bartender from the game of '*Undertale*'. *UNDERTALE*.

The game that was the hype of 2015 and had a still strong fanbase even 3 years later, though it seemed to have mellowed out somewhat as people soon took notice to the newest games and other new things and more like the revival of the Homestuck fandom for the long-awaited *Hiveswap* game along with other hype-inducing events in the game, film and other industries slash fandoms.

"Good morning Pyrem, how are you?" Grillby asked brightly, managing to get the crib wall to go down and take him into his arms. "Did you sleep good? I heard you crying last night but Mom said that was normal for a baby, it's good that Dad got you calm, hopefully you didn't have any nightmares while you were asleep." Grillby babbled, taking him to another room where his - *their*, they were his parents as well now, gotta remember that - parents were.

Fotia, their mother who somehow birthed him - he was going to have *one hell of a time* learning about monster procreation wasn't he? - and was his new mother was a green-flame monster, her fire and body a deep dark green which reminded him of one other flame monster; Fuku, who clearly did not exist yet, as a younger sister or a daughter of Grillby he still has yet to see.

Anyway, Fotia was a green-colored flame monster who was a bit shorter than their father, her, *hair??* Was somehow tied to a low-ponytail, some kind of flame proof hair tie was at the base of her head, seemingly directing the flames to a thinner and long lick of flame, faintly reminding him of a lit candle-wick. She perked at the sight of them and visibly cooed as Grillby came in with him in his arms.

Pyrem, his new name, externally said nothing but tugged and poked at Grillby but internally was cringing over everything. *He was a baby, what happened to his dignity?*

Agni, their dad - wasn't Agni a hindu god of fire? - was an orange-colored flame monster, he looked *exactly* like Grillby in the game, ish, in a more realistic way like in really good fan art; the only thing missing were the glasses, which was something Grillby inherited from their mother judging from the glasses that hung from Fotia's collar.

Unlike their mother, Agni let his 'hair' free, reminding him of a controlled campfire.

Taking a closer look to Grillby, his flaming hair was much shorter, though the reason might be because he was young, about 7-ish? He doesn't know for sure since monster ages seem to be somewhat weird? And already it seemed that he needed glasses.

"Good morning you two." Fotia greeted them warmly - *that pun was not intentional fuck but did it fit* -, taking him from Grillby's hold as he offered him to her, scrambling to his own seat as the morning went by.

This was all so...

Weird.

This was not he expected when he died, sure he expected fire because he thought he was going to hell for his own pyromaniacal crimes; at least he *thinks* it was, ever since he woke up as Pyrem, he's been forgetting a *lot* of personal stuff, like his own original name! Or how exactly he died, but he knows he saved someone, it was faint but he could remember saving someone for some odd reason from his *own* fire that *he* started, no idea why but... he felt like he didn't deserve heaven.

He remembers being a criminal, but how far his crimes were; nothing, nothing came to mind aside from the feeling of heat and satisfaction. Okay he knows he was an arsonist at least, but aside from that? Nothing.

Also being fed baby food (ew, terribly bland but unfortunately necessary) along with a mixture of both of your parents' magic? Weird, verily so but incredibly tasty...

"Bye Pyrem! I'll be back to play with you after school, be good for Mom and Dad okay?" Grillby said with a wide smile, fire monster biology was downright confusing, he could *see* the flaming fangs in Grillby's smile but when Grillby stopped, his whole mouth disappeared!

He was going to learn a *lot* when he was older...

But a curious thing that didn't leave him as he watched his newest pair of parents work, was that *why* in the hell he was *blue*. Like, looking into the mirror he was admittedly cute for a fantastical fantasy-esque monster creature thing but, why was he *blue*, his whole body was blue and he occasionally let out showers of sparks from the top of his head that startled him the first time it happened but awed his new family and often led to cuddle sessions with a side of mass cooing and baby-talk.

Again, dignity!

Did, was there a sequence of genetics involved somehow? Glimpsing at some pictures, he could see Grillby being an orange baby and he *thinks* he saw a taller, blue flame monster in one of the pictures, who he will assume is some other relative. Thinking more about it, he *guesses* it makes sense? But unless he can get his tiny, *fucking tiny baby hands*, hands on a biology book on fire monsters or god forbid *ask his parents*, he won't know for sure.

One thing for sure though; *his life was going to be fucking interesting.*

+ Time Skip : One Year Later +

One year.

One year, since he was reincarnated as Grillby's little brother.

One whole year, being carried around and having his dignity repeatedly destroyed but it was informative to say the least.

Listening in on the conversations around him was incredibly easy since he was just a little innocent baby, he's somewhat figured out the timeline and where he was in the supposed story of the game.

It's been 25 years since the barrier came up, trapping the monsters underground after a war with the humans. His father was 10 when it happened, making him 35 and his mother was actually older, being 15 when it happened; she was actually a battle medic in training surprisingly, healing the soldiers of the frontlines and even participating a few herself. In fact, *she was part of the Royal Guard*, though she temporarily left both times she became pregnant.

She and Dad had Grillby when they were 32 and 27 respectively, and since Grillby was now 8 years old, they had him when they were 39 and 34.

He himself was now officially 1 year old. Today was his birthday, April 13.

"*Happy birthday Pyrem!*" Grillby sang, laughing with their parents. Practically dancing around their mother who had taken a day off to celebrate with them, cradling him in her arms.

Pyrem internally sighed but smiled at Grillby, finding him cute like this, externally he acted like the normal fire baby he was though he kept relatively quiet compared to other young monsters but his family clearly had no problem with this.

Though this wasn't his first time going out with the family outside their home, which was predictably situated in Hotland but it didn't look like there was a Geothermal Power Plant yet, making him wonder on how far he was in the timeline since supposedly one Dr. Gaster would created the power plant and power the whole underground.

Interestingly enough, magic was instead the source of most power in the underground, though there were times that the whole underground would black out since they couldn't keep feeding a machine with magic to convert

to electricity and power the *whole* underground, not like the Geothermal Power Plant that used geothermal energy and perhaps magic?

At any rate, Hotland was bigger than he suspected it would, the game restricted the player's mobility to certain scenes and it looked like that was it but in truth, it was *much much* more spacious than he'd imagine.

"Oh, Fotia! Agni! What a pleasure to see you two!"

He blinked, when did they get to New Home?

New Home was just as big as Hotlandm if not bigger, and the monster population was *much* more bigger than he thought and what the game implied.

But compared to humans honestly, monsters weren't as vast and many as they were but it was still an impressive amount given the fact the *entire species* of monsters are trapped underneath one mountain, granted they burrowed as deep as they could and make use with the space but still. Wow.

"Asgore, Toriel, hi!" Agni greeted with a wide smile making him blink again and shuffle to really see if- *oh wow*.

The royal family was much fluffier than he imagined as well. And bigger.

Agni was no short person, in fact he was *tall* but he was a half-a-head shorter than Asgore and Toriel! Who were both wearing the clothes depicted them with; Asgore even had his cape on, a nice purple cape though he could do without the golden shoulder pads.

This was going to be a pattern, things are going to be bigger and more than he'd expected huh? And-...

What.

"Oh, this must be Pyrem! Why hello little one, come children, say hello." Toriel prompted with a bright smile as his mother came closer, showing him to her and... to three other people.

Two monsters... one human.

"Golly! He looks so small, was I ever that small?" *Asriel* asked, looking not much of a child but a young teenager, *he was taller than Grilby*. He looked at him with curious and wide green eyes, smiling and even cautiously poking his cheek; fun fact about fire babies, they couldn't really control their fire skin and abilities so unless you were a fellow flame elemental or had a fire affinity or had flame-proof gloves or skin, holding a fire baby would actually burn someone, go figure because *duh*, literally made of fire and all.

Though he had managed to control his fire *skin*, no longer burning not-fire-proofed monsters with some concentration and soon enough ease (surprised the hell out of his family when he suddenly poked a cat monster lady in the face and *didn't* cause her whiskers to spontaneously light up) but the fire abilities? *When he sneezes he's a fucking flamethrower*. Which was funny and awesome as hell.

So when *Asriel* poked his cheek, his only reaction was to scrunch up in distaste, causing the others to laugh.

"Looking at your photo-album, the answer would be yes, you were that small." *Chara* answered, *also a young teenager*, he was actually an inch taller than *Asriel* not counting the horns! *What the hell*. A closer look revealed that *Chara* really did have red eyes, though they looked somewhat brown but a sheen or red would appear in the right lighting. *Chara* smirked as *Asriel* let out an offended noise and looked at him closely with an interesting gleam, smiling and waving at him.

Hesitantly he did the same, waving a small blue arm, blinking when his fire abilities randomly bursts out of his fingertips making a trail of blue fire stay in the air for a moment before disappearing.

"Woah." Breathed both *Chara* and *Asriel*.

The second monster and third of the young teen group whistled, "Impressive for his age, Sans himself is *just* summoning small bones and he's 3 years old himself. But then again, fire elementals are different from

skeletons. How old is he?" Mused *Gaster*, as in W.D. Gaster himself; *no wonder the Power Plant wasn't up yet.*

He seemed to be the oldest though, but he still seemed to be a scientist by the lab coat he was wearing; he must be an assistant or was maybe a prodigy to be a scientist at his age, he was probably a couple years older than Chara and Asriel.

Which also brought to mind; *both Chara and Asriel were alive and apparently teens going through puberty.*

So he was *waay*, before the main story arc... but if this *was* the regular Undertale story universe or whatever, and not some other universe (which was still a possibility, there were supposedly AUs out there with Chara alive in the story and stuff like Storyshift but unlikely since Asgore was king and Gaster had mention Sans) then.... Chara was slated to die in the future.

Crap.

"He's one year old, today's his birthday!" Grillby said proudly, though he seemed to fidget as Gaster and the others looked at him. "I'm Grillby."

They looked delighted to know that fact, "Really now? Happy birthday then Pyrem. I'm Asriel, that meanie over there is Chara and the skeleton behind us is Gaster." Asriel said, Gaster chuckled while Chara laughed, poking at his chubby fire cheek. Even going as far as to rub it with his thumb.

Gah! *Why is it always the cheeks?!* He was legitimately tempted to burn the next person that would go for his cheek.

Everyone began to laugh at him as he unwillingly pouted, rubbing at his cheek with a disgruntled look on his face. *Curse his young and adorable body.*

"It was nice seeing you two today, I wish Pyrem a happy birthday. Have a nice day off Fotia, though I expect to see you again tomorrow morning, unfortunately we must be off. We're off to see Aster, he called us to the lab and asked Gaster to pick-up Sans and wanted to discuss something it

seems." Asgore said with an apologetic smile, both his parents waved it off.

Aster?

"It's no problem, we need to go as well. It was nice seeing you as well Asgore, Toriel." Agni smiled then turned to the three teens, "You three as well, give greetings to your father for me Gaster, he really needs to take breaks more." He joked slightly though there was a silver of worry and concern that he easily found.

Father? Gaster's dad? And by proxy Sans' dad as well... what...

"Bye bye Pyrem, Grillby, hope we can see you another time!" Asriel cheered as they went their separate ways, they said their goodbyes and moved on.

Pyrem looked over the shoulder of his mother and caught the eye of Chara as he left, the teen waved goodbye with a smile, he frowned but waved bye, thinking of Chara's death in his head. Chara looked at him strangely for some reason but shrugged it off and turned their attention to Asriel and laughed at what he said.

The morbid thought lingered the rest of the day.

Months later, the King and Queen announced the death of their children.

The whole underground mourned. A month later, it was announced that the Queen left the throne and disappeared into the ruins.

Pyrem was 6 when the next human fell, an 11 year old kid carrying a toy knife and wearing a light blue ribbon in her hair and Pyrem knew *for sure*, that things were just starting as she didn't last long, her light blue soul captured and contained.

What he didn't expect though... Was for a light blue ghost to start following him around.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

SO! That was the first chapter, I hope you enjoyed.

For a little help, here's the main age cheat sheet: (the arrow towards the new numbers indicate the age they will be at the next chapter via the time skip above.)

Grillby - 8 -> 13

Gaster - 17 -> 22

Chara - 15 -> DEAD

Asriel - 14 -> DEAD

Pyrem - 1 -> 6

Sans - 3 -> 8

Papyrus - Not born yet

Ghost of Patience

Chapter Summary

This seems like a bad Christmas carol, the one that had the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future? Yeah that, but instead of those it's the ghost of Kiddy Patience. What the ever loving fuck.

That's not very nice Pyr. Also, language!

Sorry Panny, for the comparison to a Christmas carol thing, not the swearing, I'll swear if I fucking want to.

Sigh...

Chapter Notes

Okay so some characters might seem a bit OOC here, but then again this is before the game where monsters are way younger so I like to think this is how they acted in this universe as youngsters.

It's going to take a while for Frisk to officially fall in and start the game, probably a long while but it'll be worth it soon enough. Warning though, I will be changing the summary at some point as the story progresses, eventually they *are* going to leave the Underground and be freed into the Surface and then a whole new can of problems will start but we are currently still Pre-Game right now. Flowey hasn't even appeared yet so that'll be a blast for Pyrem.

Pyrem's early attitude or overall attitude will be somewhat similar to Sans in the game, as of now just really lazy but no puns or underlying angst of the resets happening. Also looking at the tags you're wondering on how he'll remember the resets right?

Just hold on, we're getting there ;)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

+ Fast Forward : 6 Years +

~ P.o.V Pyrem ~

Being alive for 6 years in a new environment in new circumstances can certainly change a man.

Or at least a man reincarnated as a supposedly fictional race from a popular game from their old world in their past life. In all honesty it was kind of fun, being a kid again. Though then again, he was never the normal type of kid; he only went out at the prompting of his family both then and now.

He vaguely remembers being the black sheep of the family, having an older sister who was the exact opposite of his new older brother who he very much preferred; she despised him, hated him, he can't remember her name or how she looked like but he remembers her being a spoilt brat about everything, somehow she made his childhood a living hell as far as he knew it, trying to remember back then made him feel angry, disgusted, so he tries not to think back about it much unless he was alone.

Why? Because magic was especially receptive to emotions as he learned it throughout his new childhood. Which was way better than his old one even though he couldn't all of it, the bits he could... they made his magic flare, in ways he'd rather leave alone. He worried his new family whenever he flared his magic in their vicinity, Grillby was especially protective, he was a protective older sibling. A welcomed change honestly.

Anyway, 6 years seemed to simultaneously fly by or crawl on for the reincarnated flame elemental, it was a weird experience for him but and interesting one.

~ P.o.V Author ~

"Pyrem come on! It's time to wake up." Grillby said, tugging on his blanket. The older orange brother was now 13 years old, experiencing the monster version of puberty but his attitude to Pyrem had yet to change and he was still the doting older brother he had become the moment he'd been

born. "*Pyrem*." He said mock sternly as the younger blue brother silently cuddling more into the bed, trying to ignore his older brother as he tried to get him to get up and start the morning.

Grillby huffed, "Don't make me drag you out of bed again." He threatened lightly as he peeled the blanket back, looking at his younger brother who whined and looked up to him blearily, Grillby smiled as Pyrem yawned but pouted as Pyrem shifted and closed his eyes again. "*Pyyreem*." Grillby whined, managing to steal the blanket away from the younger brother who wordlessly whined again.

"Grill, it's too early to be awake." Pyrem mumbled, small head burying itself underneath the fluffy pillow. "'S not a school day right? Let me sleep." He sighed as an orange hand grabbed his blue leg, he anchored himself on the bed, trying to stay on it as Grillby tugged at him, his lower half was off of the bed and Grillby was grinning mischievously as he kept tugging his little brother off the bed.

"No it's not a school day but didn't you promise to hang out with Sans at the lab today?" He asked innocently, Pyrem rolled his eyes. Which was a thing he could still do despite lacking pupils, oh flame monster biology, what an interesting thing to know and embody.

"*You* promised that, and you just want that excuse to see Gaster again." He complained before grunting as he was officially pulled off the bed, expertly using his pillow to cushion his fall. Grillby flustered, orange skin tinting red as his flaming hair flared.

"*Oh s-shut up!*" He cried out and dragged him out of his bedroom by the leg, Pyrem just sighed as he used the pillow as a mode of transportation for being dragged by the leg. "Sans would be disappointed if I just showed up and you weren't there, you are his best friend." Grillby said, lifting him off the floor to put him in the bathtub, stealing away the pillow, "Now shower."

Pyrem sighed again before yawning, sitting up as Grillby stood and left the bathroom with the pillow. "Honestly you're 6 years old, I know you're a genius and all Pyre but seriously even *Sans* is more energetic in the

morning." Grillby half-complained half-joked before closing the bathroom, smiling as he hears the shower turn on.

Flame monsters do bathe with water, though it was special water that was filled with magic that simultaneously worked with the special ability that flame monsters had that resisted water and prevent them from setting fire to *everything* they touched. Regular water did hurt them, though some monsters could build resistance if they tried but it wasn't advised to do so and was essentially very painful for most flame monsters.

Most flame monsters, Pyrem thought as he showered, staring at the orange-tinted water. Watching it with fascination as it collided with his blue skin, feeling no pain whatsoever, it felt like a regular hot shower, a nice one. He ran a hand through his somehow wet flaming hair, it was no longer floating about but was weighed down by the magic water like actual hair when wet.

He had begun his own training regime, the moment he learned he had magic and just *knew* normal water would be a weakness- which would *not* do, not at all - he planned to build a resistance to normal water, know when you'll be doused with normal water. He actually just started a few days ago by dipping his hand in normal water.

It surprisingly felt like burning his hand in fire back when he was human, he gained a feral grin at the thought, building water resistance was going to be similar to building fire resistance huh? Though he had to hide the fact he doused his hand with normal water from his new family, which was easy to do since he already had experience to do so; showing the fact he burnt himself to his old family just warranted unwanted attention so he learned quickly how to do it.

Misdirection, manipulation and subject changes were such a nice thing to master, it helped him greatly growing up.

He finished his shower quickly, drying off easily with a towel and flaring a burst of heat from his body. Opening the bathroom door he went back to his room to get a change of clothes, he huffed in amusement as he sees his bed made, his orange blanket and fluffy pillow were where they should be. Grillby most likely went to the kitchen after making his bed.

He opened his closet, taking out a dark blue sweater with light blue stripes because apparently *all* the monster kids have striped sweaters, even Sans who usually wore a light blue sweater with bright yellow stripes. He didn't mind, and his body was made of fire so its not like he could feel uncomfortably hot and sweaty anymore if he wore a sweater in a hot place, even back then he was prone to wearing hoodies in the bright sun, and he was used to wearing a flame-proof suit as well.

With the sweater he wore black pants and got out his favorite red sneakers, he hummed before extending his index finger and middle finger and concentrated, the tip of his fingers flared with a medium blue flame, he moved it along the air, leaving flaming lines in the air and huffed as it lasted for only a few minutes before dissipating and the fire on his fingers disappeared as well. He really needed to train himself soon, being able to make magic fire was *amazing* and all for an old pyromaniac like himself but not being able to do it just dulled the fun. But at least he had managed to make it last longer.

He shook his head before closing his closet and leaving his room, he was hungry.

"Morning son." Agni greeted, pecking his forehead as he entered the kitchen, wearing a plain white apron, Fotia was nowhere to be seen so Pyrem assumed his mother left early for her job as the Head of the Royal Guard.

Yeah, turns out Pyrem's mother was the Head of the Royal Guard before Undyne who was currently 10 years old. It was awesome. She was awesome.

His father worked as an assistant in the lab from time to time but ultimately he stayed home and was some kind of house-husband on most days. His mother was as stated, the Head of the Royal Guard but lately she's been giving some thought of retiring or at least taking in a successor to her role since she wanted to spend more time with her family.

Her old teacher Gerson, the old tortoise monster that was a vendor in the game, approved and even offered to replace her and become the Head again

but she declined, saying that he was retired already and should stay retired, he had already done so much in his time in the war as the Head years ago, she would find a successor soon enough, she wouldn't let the old tortoise do work he's retired from.

Pyrem let out a small smile, "Morning dad." He responded as he took a seat across Grillby who was half-way done with his meal. Thanking him as he poured him a glass of orange juice and then thanking his father as he puts down a plate of breakfast, a big omelette with a small side of little pancakes with chocolate syrup on them.

He liked this, even though his mother was out and she had a good reason to be so he didn't mind since she usually tried to stay until he came down for breakfast on most days, this family was better than the old one he had, he remembers glimpses of eating alone, barely eating at all sometimes as he felt so *dull* before, but now, he didn't feel dull, emotionless, he felt warm and genuinely happy.

It still felt weird after 5 years.

But it was a welcoming weird.

Within Snowdin, the near-ancient doors of the Ruins opened slightly as a small child exited, bidding the occupant behind the doors farewell with a small smile.

"Are you sure my child? You are always welcomed in my home, you can stay."

The little girl smiled sadly, "I'm sorry Toriel, but I have to go home."

Toriel frowned sadly but sighed, giving a small smile to her, "Very well, good bye Panama."

Panama beamed, hugging her and tightened the hug as she hugged back, "Bye Toriel, I'll miss you." She whispered before letting go, she sniffed and gave her one last smile perking and untying her big light blue ribbon from

her hair and offered to the self-exiled Queen, Toriel accepted it with a teary smile.

Toriel watched with an aching SOUL as the small child left before closing the doors to the Ruins once more, clutching the ribbon to her chest. Praying that she may be safe.

Weeks later she hears the gossip of two Guards on patrol and wails in despair, the child is dead, her beautiful light blue SOUL collected and contained.

Pyrem rolled his eyes as Grillby held his hand and they traveled Hotland to the Lab.

Like the rest of the Underground the Lab was big, how big exactly he didn't know but it was certainly different to when Alphys was the Royal Scientist. Inside the lab was an actual lab, two floors with a few bustling scientists that experimented for the survival of the Underground, plans and various blueprints were on many tables.

The Royal Scientist before Alphys was not Gaster, no not yet, it was *Gaster's father Aster*.

He thinks eventually Aster will retire since Gaster would take over soon enough to create the Geothermal Power Plant, but maybe Aster started the plan and Gaster finished it?

Aster was a tall skeleton monster, he looked like a very mature tall Sans, he usually wore a yellow shirt and beige pants underneath his lab coat and, and he had no scars on his face but he had holes in his hands like Gaster who also did not bear the two supposed scars on his face as the fandom believed he had. Or he had yet to gain them, who knows.

"Oh hello Grillby." Aster says with a small smile, though there was a hint of mischievousness in it that had Grillby a bit nervous, "And Pyrem." He greeted, Pyrem gave a short and lazy wave as he was dragged into the lab which didn't seem too busy today. "Here for Sans and Gaster?" He asked

casually, hiding a smirk in amusement as Grillby tinted red again and nodded.

Taking pity on his older brother he nodded as well with an easy-going smile, "Promised Sans I'd hang out with him today at the Lab, he's trying to convince me to take all of his science classes with him next year so we can be Gaster's assistants in the future. That and as usual he complains that I'm the only good conversationalist and friend he has and he didn't want to get bored in class alone, if he's going to suffer he's taking me with him." Not a bad thought actually, being Gaster's assistant that is, to keep an eye on Gaster and see how stuff got done in the game.

Aster laughed, "Yes well the both of you are incredibly smart for your ages." Truth, though he had the advantage of remembering subjects from his old life, but then again he was always a smart kid before though he didn't get good praise before, he liked being praised in this life, much better than the old one.

After the meeting 5 years ago, Gaster and Grillby became good friends despite the age difference though they bonded over the fact they were both doting big brothers and arranged playdates between Pyrex and Sans frequently so Sans was pretty much his childhood friend, also young Sans was adorable, an energetic little shit that looked up to Gaster and was all out a smart kid for his age.

During the first day of school Sans had complained that the other kids weren't as fun as Pyrex and noticed how smart he was, through prompts and prodding via a determined Sans Pyrex skipped to Sans' grade, they both even managed to skip another grade and shared many classes with him much to his enjoyment. Monster mental growth was certainly faster than the average human growth but even among monsters they were both considered prodigies and geniuses.

"Sans and Gaster are on the second floor, I believe Gaster is teaching Sans machinery and how the cogs work together." The eldest skeleton laughs fondly, shaking his head, "Honestly, those two..."

"Thanks Mr. Aster, tell Ms. Verdana we said hi." Pyrem said, grabbing Grillby and waving farewell and leading him up the stairs to the second floor.

Verdana was the missus, Aster's wife and both Gaster's and Sans' mother and probably soon enough, Papyrus' mom. Though he didn't know exactly when Papyrus would be born.

Both fire brothers arrived at the second floor and looked around, spotting the two skeletons at the far end of the room to which the younger skeleton spotted them, "Pyrem!" Sans called out with a toothy grin, quickly waving him over to them, "You're late!" He pouted as Pyrem and Grillby came closer.

"Sorry Sans, Pyrem didn't want to get out of bed." Grillby apologized with a wide grin, ruffling Pyrem's blue firey head much to his lazy not-so-protest.

Sans snorted, "you're so lazy pyrem, honestly other six year olds would be jumping up and down and screaming their heads off."

Rolling his eyes as he hopped unto a chair, grunting as Sans had to pull him up because the chairs were unfairly high and he was unfortunately short, "Other six year olds wouldn't be in the same grade as an eight year old nor would they both be in a lab learning machinery and know words like 'conversationalist'." He retorted.

Gaster chuckled, "He does have a point there Sans. Hello Grillby." He greeted as the 13 year old stuttered out a greeting, tinting a bit red at the smiling 22 year old assistant scientist.

Pyrem withheld a snicker as he acknowledges the fact his big brother was crushing hard on the older skeleton, he took a liking to Gaster ever since they met 5 years ago and now that he was officially a teen going through the horrors of puberty, Grillby was officially a teenager with a crush on an admittedly hot skelebrother.

Gaster was a handsome one, a cross between Sans and Papyrus, or in this case a cross between Aster and Verdana, who looked like a female but short

Papyrus. Magic somewhat had a form of genetics it seems, it was all very interesting when he found out more about it.

Sans frowned slightly at Grillby whispering lowly to Pyrem, "your brother always seems a bit weird around my bro lately."

Pyrem waved him off, "Eh, it's weird teen stuff. We're not suppose to know about it yet."

"that just sounds stupid."

"It is but you don't hear me complaining huh?"

Aster smiles as he peeks from the stairs, staying out of sight as he looks at the scenario before him; Gaster in a rare moment of flustered embarrassment, Grillby flustered but happily dishing out compliment after compliment to his eldest son, Sans staring in confusion and growing annoyance that was only held back by Pyrem's lazy amusement and small talk that kept his youngest son occupied.

"No but it's true! You're a *great* teacher, I managed to pass my hardest subject after your tutoring!" Grillby gushed with a bright smile, "I'm at the top of the class and my grades are much higher now." He said happily.

It was adorable, seeing the orange flame monster pining for Gaster. They *would* be a good couple should Grillby still hold his infatuation as he finishes his magical monster maturity and puberty, the age gap doesn't really concern Aster since most monsters are ageless or slow-aging past magical maturity and monster puberty, he himself was 65 and his beloved Verdana was 49 and they haven't physically aged in a while.

Gaster smiled and scratched a purple-tinted cheek, "You're already very smart Grillby, and a fast learner so it was easy to teach you." He retorted humbly, Grillby's red tint deepened a bit.

Pyrem chimed in, smiling innocently, "Big bro's right, you *are* a great teacher. I understand stuff better if you teach it, right Sans?" He prompted,

poking the older skeleton beside him who smiled brightly and was quick to worship his own big brother.

"yeah! you're awesome big bro, you're the best teacher in the underground!" He cheered, Aster chuckled as Gaster sputtered but sighed and just finally accepted the compliments.

The Royal Scientist turned and went back downstairs, back to work, Gaster was a responsible adult now and could look after the three younger monsters on his own. It wasn't the first time he did so, and with Grillby there to keep an eye with him all the better. He smothered a laugh as he remembers the mischief Sans and Pyrem somehow managed to get into when they were left alone in either of their houses, he *still* doesn't know how Sans got stuck on top of the fridge while hoarding the cookies he and Verdana *swore* they hid from the youngest skeleton and how Pyrem was taped to the wall, though he seemed comfortable as he slept on without a fuss. And that was just a few months ago.

He was looking forward to future shenanigans the two little geniuses would do, he, Gaster and Fotia had never laughed so hard in a long time when they found Pyrem taped to the wall and Sans declaring that the experiment was a complete success. The only ones who weren't amused were Grillby and their spouses who spent an hour peeling tape off the walls and getting Pyrem out of his cocoon of adhesive tape.

He returned to his normal work station, looking over a few reports, reading through some successful experiments and a couple of failed ones. He grimaced at a particularly bad one that managed to injure one of the scientists but a few weeks off and some healing oriented Monster Food should do the trick, he would be back on his feet in no time.

"Aster!" He paused from his reading to see a flustered and panting fellow scientist, one who was on his day off actually and was supposed to be in Snowdin, running up to him with wide frantic eyes, "Aster there's--" He cut himself off, panting heavily from the fact he ran all the way to the lab, "T-There's, oh stars above I shouldn't have ran all the way here..." The rabbit monster wheezed.

Aster was quick to his fellow scientists' side, "Careful there Twitch! What's wrong?" He asked in concern as the rabbit took a few deep calming breaths.

"A-A human has fallen from the Surface, they've, they've been spotted leaving Snowdin." Twitch gasped, on his hands and knees, "The Canine Unit has captured them and currently their being taken to King Asgore."

Aster stilled, a, a *human? Here? In the Underground?*

Aster looked back to Twitch who was no longer panting as heavily, "How old is the human? Their SOUL? Did the human dust any monsters?" He asked rapidly, grabbing his shoulders.

Twitch held his hands in surrender, "I don't know, I just heard about it the moment the Canine Unit was leaving Snowdin to New Home with the human." He scrunched his nose in thought, whiskers twitching, "The human doesn't seem too big, but who knows with them, I didn't see them up close a-and I've never seen a human before, I only knew because Doge told me it was a human." That was right, Twitch has only been born a few years after the barrier had sealed, he was one of the younger scientists that had never seen or participated with the war with the humans. Doge, one of the Canine Unit's Royal Guard and one of the oldest dog monsters out there and clearly remembered what a human smelled like, knew and she was doing her duty and taking the human to Asgore.

But Twitch had said that the human hadn't seem too big, could it mean... A *child?*

"Dad?"

Aster whirled around and saw Gaster and the others standing at the stairwell in uncertainty, Sans asked in concern, "What's going on? What's wrong?"

A... *child...*

The Royal Scientist gritted his teeth, his thoughts flying around in his head, "Gaster, make sure the others stay here, don't go anywhere. I need to go see

the King, look after them, I'll be back don't worry." He told them quickly, letting go of Twitch and grabbing a few tools and exiting the Lab.

Gaster's eye sockets widened, "Wait, Dad--" He was too late as Aster teleported right outside the lab doors.

Sans looked at Gaster in concern, "Dad used one of his 'short-cuts', didn't he say to do that only in emergencies?"

Gaster glanced at his brother and gave him a reassuring smile, "Don't worry, I'm sure he's going to be fine. Didn't you hear him? He's coming back, it's probably the Kind just asking for him again and he left because he was late." He told him glancing to the incendiary brothers and found Grillby also staring in concern while Pyrem had a stoic face that kind of worried him, he then looked to the surprised rabbit that was left behind.

"Grillby why don't you take Sans and Pyrem to the Lab's kitchen? Mom made some snacks that Dad took with him, I'll join you guys in a bit, I just want to talk to Twitch for a minute." Gaster says with a smile, Grillby nods after a moment of hesitance, Sans brightens at the mention of their mother's snacks and cheers, Pyrem gives him a suspicious and blank look before shrugging and following his older brother and best friend towards the small kitchenette the Lab had for break times and meals.

The 22 year old monster looked at the rabbit scientist, "Now, what did you tell Dad?" He asked softly. Unknown to him, Pyrem lingered and eavesdropped after fibbing about going to the bathroom. His eyes gleamed as he heard the news but he kept a stoic facade.

The Second to Fall, thought the physically 6 year old flame monster with closed eyes, Chara's face flashing to mind for a moment before he sighed and walked back to the kitchenette to enjoy Verdana's baked snacks, they were good stuff and like hell he was letting his brother and Sans eat everything without him.

Panama could only stare with wide teary eyes as she knelt on bruised and hurt knees, her fists clenched on the pale blue dress that was dirty with a

little blood and dirt.

"I..." She hiccuped, "I just... want to go home..." She pleaded.

Asgore's stoic face said nothing as he manifested his red trident.

He stayed silent as the trident pierced the 11 year old girl's chest, killing her instantly, she flew back slightly but landed hard on the tiled floor on her side, luckily not landing on the small flower patch that Asgore had tended to before she was brought in.

He watched as his trident disappeared and a light blue heart escaped the body, glowing softly within the throne room. He padded forward, kneeling and sighing softly as he cupped the SOUL but was careful not to really touch it, using raw magic to keep it afloat and keep it in his hands. He grimaced at the body that stared with dead emotionless eyes.

The King of Monsters bit his lip and slowly released the SOUL, but kept his magic trained on it as he focused on the body. He gently touched the corpse, turning it to its back and gently brushed the eyelids closed.

"Asgore!" Gasped Aster as he ran into the room, panting lightly with lit orange eyes only to halt as he sees the goat king kneeling beside the corpse of a child, brushing the eyelids closed and a light blue SOUL floating above. "Asgore..."

Asgore stood up, cupping the SOUL once again and looked at Aster with firm eyes, "W.D. Aster, please prepare a SOUL container. And..." He glanced back at the body and his voice shook slightly, "Would you be so kind to make a coffin for her?"

Aster opened his mouth to say something only to pause, looking at his king with observing eyes and sighs while nodding, "Yes your highness, I will be back immediately with a container." He walked forward and scooped the limp dead body into his arms, "The body shall stay in the lab while the coffin is being made... Where do you wish to bury her?" He asks quietly to his old friend.

Asgore took a shaky breath, "I..."

Aster smiled sadly and shook his head, "No worries old friend, take your time." He turned and left, pausing in his steps as he hears a small whisper as he left.

"... For the good of the Underground..."

Aster continued and teleported once out of the throne room. Clutching the dead body as he teleported again and again before finally arriving outside the Lab, peeking inside he was relieved to see that no one was there and hurriedly entered, going to the deeper and more secretive parts of the Lab and set the corpse down on a medical table.

He covered it with a white sheet and hurriedly exited the room, locking it securely and went off to find one of the proto-type SOUL containers they had made if ever a human fell down and they managed to get their souls.

He passed his son who tried to stop him to speak but he hurriedly told him to wait, when Gaster saw the container in his hands he understood and wordlessly let Aster leave without a fuss. Aster doesn't notice Pyrem watch him leave, eyes on the container in his hands and walking away when he teleports again.

News of the First Human Soul to be collected spreads fast, Asgore makes a speech basically declaring one SOUL down, 6 left to wait for before he could break the barrier. The monsters rejoiced and celebrated the event, celebrating the death of a child who only wanted to go home.

Panama wakes in a scared confusion, awakening in a gray corridor, floating in the air, transparent and light blue. She cried at the sight of the single coffin with a light blue heart carved into it and flies through the wall in an attempt to flee and cries for weeks as she realizes she was dead and no one could see her or hear her, not even the small group and family of ghost monsters that lived in Waterfall.

She was alone. She was dead and alone and trapped as she found out as she once tried to escape by going through the barrier. Even when dead she couldn't go home. She avoided monsters like the plague, swearing to never again return to the place where she died.

Weeks after her death sees her crying once more in Waterfall in one of the more secluded and abandoned places.

"What the heck? Who's crying out there?"

She sniffed, her crying slows as she registers the question. There's the quiet sound of faint footsteps and a small curse as she hears a snap of a stick.

Who's there?! She says and whirls around and her eyes widen in surprise as her transparent light blue eyes connected to wide bright blue as a *flame* monster, a kid years younger than her she realizes, stands frozen, a foot on a broken stick. W-What? A flame monster? In *Waterfall*? She mutters.

"What the ever loving *fuck*." The monster kid swears in surprise as he steps forward rather than back, getting closer to her and looking at her with a critical look on his face.

Language! Panama blurted out before realization kicks in. Wait, y-you can see me? She questions.

The other deadpans, "And hear you yeah, the hell though why can I--" His eyes widen as he points at her, "Wait you're the human kid with the light blue SOUL, umm, it was, patience? *Yeah Patience*." He declared in a matter-of-fact tone.

What?

~ P.o.V Pyrem ~

It was by complete accident he stumbled into her.

He was only looking for a good place to train, weeks after the first soul was obtained he decided to officially kick-start his training, he would first start training in secret, wanting to experiment on his new magic powers on his own before going to his family for more formal training. A probably stupid idea but he was too curious to think otherwise.

He decided to go to Waterfall to train, an easier place to train on his own as well as build resistance to water, also thinking more about it he would have to either learn how to make healing Monster Food or somehow get a steady supply so he can heal himself from the inevitable times he would no doubt injure himself.

Of course he wouldn't rely it entirely but having something to heal him for the more serious injuries was a nice thought.

Anyway, he managed to wheedle and sneak his way on going out on his own, managing to pawn Grillby off to help their dad in something else while their mother continued on with her duties as a Royal Guard. She still hasn't found a successor yet but she would soon in the form of a determined and stubborn fish monster a year later after Asgore visited the school.

He got to Waterfall on foot, deciding next time to go on the boat ride with the River Person. Who did exist, and didn't seem any different than in the game and was as mysterious as ever. He'd encountered the River Person only a few times but it was with his family so he didn't do much but stare curiously at the hooded monster.

At some point he *would* find out more about the mysterious monster that traversed with that strange boat.

He didn't bother going to Temmie Village, not yet, there was plenty of time in the future to do a lot of things but right now he was more focused on looking for a good place to train.

~~~"Take a left pYreM..."~~~

He paused and shook his head, wincing at the sharp jab in his head. He scrunched his nose before huffing and hesitantly turning left, passing more

glowing mushrooms and flora.

He tilted his head in confusion as he heard the sound of crying echoing in the distance and curiously tried to locate where it was coming from.

~~~"hAhaHAha... jUst A FeW mORe yEa RS mY frIe ND"~~~

He scowled as he felt another jab and messaged his head, he trudged forward, determined to look for the source of crying.

He realizes briefly that this was one of the more abandoned places of Waterfall, not a lot of monsters came here for reasons he didn't really know.

"What the heck? Who's crying out there?"

Who's there?! Boy was he surprised when a crying transparent light blue girl looked him in the eye.

A few minutes later had him sitting on the ground and awkwardly stewing in silence with the 11 year old ghost.

"Soo... What's your name?"

She frowned and bit her lip before speaking, My name's Panama, what's yours?

He gave her an easy grin, "Pyrem, Pyrem Flare Ignibus at your service."

Yes that was his full name, Grillby's last name was Ignibus and his full name was Grillby Ignatius Ignibus. In private and from time to time he liked to tease his big brother by calling him 'Iggy-Iggy', something Grillby didn't really liked but let him use because he was his 'adorable little brother'.

Panama giggled and the awkwardness slightly receded but was still there.

And thus began a friendship that only Pyrem and Panama knew of, however it wasn't only going to be the two of them soon.

Pyrem is 9 when Papyrus is finally born, things go grim for the skeleton family even with the birth of the small skeleton as Aster falls ill and the second human falls, wearing tough gloves and an orange bandana.

A bright orange ghost joins their company as Gaster becomes the Royal Scientist.

What was he a human ghost magnet?

Chapter End Notes

AAAND THERE WE GO!

Phew, I don't like letting a chapter stay one chapter unless its a one shot so after a few days I'm usually itching to put up another chapter before sticking it into the cycle of my writing schedule soo, expect the next chapter in a few weeks instead of a few days :p

Anyway, Panama has joined the party! Pyrem is confused and suspicious but unfortunately there's not much he can do as a kid, anyway here's the age list for this chapter and the next:

Grillby - 13 -> 16

Gaster - 22 -> 25

Sans - 8 -> 11

Pyrem - 6 -> 9

Papyrus - Not born yet -> Just born

Panama - 11 -> GHOST

Hope you enjoyed, till next chapter~!

Ghost of Bravery

Chapter Summary

Continuing the Christmas Carol, this time with the Kiddy Ghost of Bravery everybody!

Pyr... You're being mean...

It's fine! As long as I can be the ghost of Christmas future! Haha, Pyre, can be Mr. Scrooge!

I'd retort but I actually think Mr. Scrooge has a somewhat right idea, not to mention I don't really care for Christmas like everyone else.

Gasp!

Gasp!

Chapter Notes

This came out *waay* later than I intended, it was surprisingly hard to work on so, sorry about that.

Anyway, it continues!

Also! Pictures at the end there, of the WingDing family and Pyrem. It's not clear because it's hand drawn (drew out of boredom being honest but might as well put it here) and I don't have a drawing tablet and I didn't draw it in my ipad so... yeah...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

+ Fast Forward : 3 Years +
~P.oV. Author~

Pyrrr, this is boring... Panama whined as she floated around him, Pyrem only sniffed and ignored her, concentrating on Gaster who explained to both

him and Sans on the concept one of his projects was based upon.

Pyyyyreeemmm Panama continued as she floated right beside him.

Pyrem sent her a look as he feigned stretching, she pouted before floating away and through a wall. Finally leaving the elemental be, he blinked as he felt Sans poke his sides with a bony finger. "You alright there Pyrem?" He whispered, mindful to his brother's words. Pyrem shrugged.

"I'm good, just a bit tired. Now pay attention bonehead before your bro notices us not paying attention to him." He replied quietly, motioning back to Gaster who was a bit preoccupied with writing down on the whiteboard little notes and information. Sans blinked before shrugging, giving his full attention to his elder brother.

Pyrem gave a silent sigh before presuming his concentration, making a mental note to talk with Panama after the lesson. He absentmindedly twirled his mechanical pencil as he and Sans spent the rest of the time learning more from Gaster, who really *was* a great teacher, now if only he could replace the one of the other teachers at their regular school then the prospect of going to school might actually seem interesting.

Pyrem yawned, stretching as he walked beside his own older brother.

It had been 9 years since he had been reborn into Undertale, 3 since he's met Panama the Ghost of Patience. He was now a proud 9 year old, and Grillby, a tall and handsome 16 year old teen. Monster puberty was hitting his older brother *hard*, he was looking very much like their father, he had a good build since their mother had taken Grillby under her wing for serious training of his magic not long after Panama's death.

"How's training with Mom?" He asked as they headed home after he had practically *dragged* Grillby out of the lab. Yep, he still had a major crush on the skeleton scientist, completely head over heels. Like wow, he's never seen *anyone* so besotted with another person, monster, in his entire life. Grillby groaned, rolling his shoulders.

"You know how Mom is... The training's hard as ever, can't wait till *you* get your chance of training." He deadpanned, wincing as he remembered the training regime his mother had come up for him. Ex-captain of the Royal Guard or not, she didn't let up on training, not even for her own *son*. Pyrem hid a snort, wondering how his family would react to his own secret training that he'd conducted and done in the safety and privacy of Waterfall.

The Water Resistance training was going smoothly, if a bit slower than he'd like, even after 3 years he wasn't at the point of immunity that he'd like. He could only stay in actual water for a minute or so before he'd feel the pain but compared to other incendiary monsters that was actually pretty impressive considering his age but he wasn't really satisfied.

"Anyway, how's tutoring with Gaster and Sans?" Grillby asked in return, while he was eager to know everything about Gaster as the lovestruck teen he was, he's *still* Pyrem's big brother who was concerned for Pyrem's entire well being. "Learn anything new and interesting?" He inquired.

Pyrem smiled, "Yeah, Gaster was teaching us the concept of energy and more. He's going to try and make a new invention that will help power the Underground, one that doesn't need much magic to be used." He admitted, thinking back.

Currently the Underground was working with magic as energy. Those with electrical magic and energy-based magic were helping in keeping the underground basically powered, he had thought it strange before remembering that Gaster had yet to create the CORE in Hotland. A lot of things have yet to be or invented since he was in the past, purifying water was harder than it seems and those with water magic or healing magic were tasked to purify water.

Though it seems that Gaster was currently trying to figure out another way to create energy besides expending magic to do it, he had yet to figure out something solid that didn't need a lot magic or magic in general.

"Really? Well I hope he does figure something out, Dad's friend, Sparks? Remember him? He says it's exhausting providing magic for the

Underground in his old age, and his kids are only *just* helping out and they're still struggling with it a bit."

Pyrem hummed, tilting his head in thought. Things were going surprisingly slow for the skeletal scientist who was inevitably going to end up as the Head Scientist whether he actually succeeds in his invention or not, Aster was growing old and was busy with Verdana in the light of big news. *Papyrus was going to be born soon.*

Shocking and delightful news to everyone, both Gaster and Sans were *ecstatic* and were eagerly awaiting the day for the birth of their newest little brother though Sans was very much *the* most excited since he was eager to be a *great big brother* like Gaster, excited to help his brother grow as Gaster helped him so far.

It was adorable seeing the excited cyan blush on the skeleton boy that was only physically 3 years his elder.

"my little brother's going to be amazing pyrem, i'm going to teach him so much stuff, gaster and i can take turns being the best older brother"
Sans had babbled to him when the news came out, utterly already in love with brotherly love for the future lovable skeleton that was Papyrus.

With the excited news, it was almost easy to dismiss the hidden and underlying despair that came with it.

Verdana, the skele-mom who was so sweet and nice... she wouldn't survive the birthing. She was good at hiding that fact, preferring to be happy with her family with the time she had left. Monster pregnancy was a magic-costing affair, it was kind of different with every type of monster and skeleton monster pregnancies were no different if a bit rare with the small populace of skeletons left in the Underground. Due to the war, the already relatively small populace of skeletons were reduced to a crippling half when the war happened.

It was actually a miracle that Verdana hadn't 'fell down' or turned to dust, she was an unusually weak monster, though her magic was potent and versatile, it was weak compared to the normal strength of skeleton magic.

With every pregnancy she had become weaker, she had regained to her strongest by the time she had Sans and became weak again after that, a third pregnancy for a weak skeleton like her? It was unheard of and it was unlikely she was to survive the birthing unfortunately.

And Aster clearly knew that, asking for a *lot* of time off to spend most of his time with his family and pregnant wife who could barely leave her bed anymore. Worrying about both her health and the baby's, hiding away the distress and sadness in favor of being happy and protective over his weakening wife and the incoming birth of Papyrus.

It wasn't clear if Gaster knew that his mother was going to die, he was just as excited as the others but he seemed to be concentrating more and more on his projects as time went on. That and tutoring both Sans and himself in subjects that were a bit, *advanced* compared to what they were actually learning in the school, not that Pyrem was complaining. It was easy in school and honestly boring, though with Sans' presence and insistence it was less boring than he'd thought it would be.

He and Sans had become the best of friends, though Pyrem didn't tell anyone of his reincarnated status, not anyone but Panama anyway.

She was surprised, she asked frequently on details about his old life but he more or less either answered vaguely, answered completely or didn't answer at all much to her frustration.

Soo... were you a boy in your last life? "Yep." Oh, how old were you? "Older than you." How old *exactly* though. "Hm." Wha- Pyr, don't ignore me!

That reminded him, he had to talk to Panama later on. She didn't *have* to spend most of her time with him, she had clearly been bored during the tutoring session. Actually he wonders where she was...

Panama pouted as she floated along the treeline, she had floated away from Hotlands and all the way to Snowdin in her sulking state. Okay, it was pretty childish of her and she understood Pyrem couldn't just *talk to thin air*

or like talk to her in the middle of his tutoring session with Gaster and Sans.

Honestly she liked those skeletons, they were funny and they were good friends with Pyrem who was pretty much her only friend since only he seemed to hear and see her. Both of them didn't know why, though Pyrem waved off thinking about it, saying it would be too 'troublesome' to mull over.

At any rate, it was just, kind of *boring* and... lonely when he went off without her. He was the only one who could see and hear her so she latched on to him, and she came to like Pyrem even though he was generally weird, mostly lazy, and somewhat maybe insane? What fire elemental *willingly* doused themselves with non-magic water? It... really worried Panama, but she couldn't really do anything about it.

She sighed as she lowered herself to the ground, wondering if she should go back already...

Toriel worried as the bright haired newly-teen beamed at her, giving her a brave and reassuring grin.

"Don't worry Miss Toriel! I'll be okay, I can defend myself from any mean monster!" He told her, pumping a gloved and excited orange fist. The goat monster smiled a small smile though it worry gnawed her, she took a deep breath before nodding.

"Alright, just, stay safe Jack." She whispered, kneeling down to hug the chestnut haired boy. "I wish your journey well my child." Jack nodded, hugging her back tightly before letting go and stepping out into the snow, he smiled brightly as he waved her goodbye, bandana whirling with his head as she watched him turn forward with a sorrowful SOUL.

"Bye Miss Toriel!" He called out before running forward. Toriel resisted the urge to run forward and sweep the Brave child and take him back into her home, instead she closed the doors to the Ruins once more.

She prays, she hopes and she imagines the child escaping the Underground safe and sound.

In time, she is in despair again as the child is dead. His bright, brave and orange SOUL in the hands of the King.

Meanwhile...

Panama watched as the fluffy dog monster roam, one of the Royal Guards. It was bizarre at the amount of different monster species in the Underground, after her death she had been reluctant to explore other parts of the Underground or observe other Monsters other than Pyrem who came to that secretive spot in Waterfall to train but slowly and surely, she had scoured nearly the *whole* Underground. Though she still avoided her death place, the royal palace in New Home.

It still rattled her, upsetting her, the thought of her death. She had only wanted to go home, to go back to her family. Maybe she should've stayed in the Ruins with Toriel... speaking of which, she wondered if the ruins caretaker was alright.

Hmm? She thought as she caught sight of something in the distance, the canine guard had gone back to his post and hadn't seen the anomaly up ahead. Her eyes narrowed as she drifted closer only to gasp in shock.

A human.

A male human had fallen and exited the Ruins!

He looked a few years older than her, dressed in short black short pants, white sneakers and an orange striped shirt. He had a pair of orange gloves on and a matching orange bandana wrapped around his forehead. He looked determined, running on the path that lead to the Ruins.

Panama blinked as he *ran through her*, afterwards she felt *offended*. Okay, so she was dead and a ghost, so what?! You can't just...*go through people*.

Angrily she turned and followed the teen as he ventured, only to stop in realization as she remembered the *canine royal guard stationed ahead*. **Oh no...** She gasped in horror.

She hurried and caught up with the young boy who had slowed down and was now walking, looking around his snowy surroundings with determined but awed eyes, **Turn back!** She shouted, **Go back to Toriel!**

The teen stopped and tilted his head in confusion... Did... did he *hear* her? If he did...

Go back! Go back, you need to head back. Panama told him firmly and a bit desperately, **Danger is up ahead, you have to head back.**

He looked confused before shaking his head and looked even *more* determined, she tried to stop him, temporarily forgetting that she couldn't touch him and tried to hold him back only for her hand to phase right through his and she made a sad noise. **No! Go back, you're going to get hurt!**

He didn't seem to hear her anymore, even as she shouted but it was too late. He was at the station... only to find it empty? Panama blinked, looking around nervously for the canine sentry that had been stationed there.

"Huh, what is this?" The young teen asked as he looked at the station. Panama frowned before hesitantly answering. **A sentry station.** She wanted to test if he could actually hear her or something.

He blinked, "A... station?" He could! He could actually hear her! Or well, a little bit since she tried to introduce herself but it didn't seem to get through to the male teen.

Panama felt worry as the teen abandoned the sentry station and went back to the path, heading towards Snowdin. Hurriedly, she stayed by his side, trying to get him to listen to her, or completely hear her.

"Panny?" Pyrem asked out loud as he arrived at their little secret place within Waterfall. It was where he met first met her, crying to herself in her lonesome and now it was his go-to training place. "Panny, you there?" He called out, setting down his backpack against a large rock as he looked around.

There were scorch marks on the rock and all around the grounds and walls, trying to control fire magic or actually use it was harder than it seemed. Just as training to make himself resistant to normal water, it was a slow-going thing but it was actually faster than the water training.

The reincarnated fire elemental hummed thoughtfully as he sat down beside his backpack, "I wonder where she is..." He scratched his cheek before sighing and opening his backpack. It was filled with Monster Food, the kind that could heal. He had bought them from Gerson on his way, the old turtle had recently become a shopkeeper.

He dug through his bag and took out some extra training he had packed for his training sessions, he was quick to change out of his current clothing so he could change back later and come home like nothing had happened. It had been a bit harder to train when he had been younger, he didn't have a constant source of Monster Food that could heal, occasionally he had to swipe some from his family which was one of the reasons why it had been a slow-going progress on his training. He had to be careful not to hurt himself too much if he didn't have Monster Food on hand, and even then he had to act like nothing was wrong when he had to go home.

Quickly he changed clothes, switching his sweater for a loose shirt and his jeans for a ragged but good pair of shorts. He wasn't going to do water resistance training today even though he had more than enough Monster Food to help him, he wanted to focus a bit on his magic this time, wanting to try out a new technique he had seen both his mother and Grillby do when he had last watched their training session.

He held back a laugh as he remembered the miserable look on his elder brother's face as he panted and sweated buckets, but not daring to complain or whine or else he'd get punished by their mother.

He chuckled before smoothing his face and took on a relaxed face, stepping away from the rock and his backpack in favor to do some stretches. He had been very flexible in his last life, yoga was a breeze and he had been proud of that flexible as well as his ability to explode and set fire to multiple things. He was determined to regain that flexibility, which would be easy it would seem as he first started his stretches. It had been easier compared to before, and soon enough he might even surpass his past flexibility.

He was careful not to overstretch himself and pull a muscle, which was, bizarre when he tried that the first time. Flame elementals *did* have muscles. Magic.

He stretched for a good, 5 minutes or so. Rolling his shoulders, he set to work, closing his eyes as he gathered magic and summoning a ball of fire in his open hand, looking at it for a moment before clenching a fist and extinguishing the flame in the process before opening his hand again and summoned another fire ball. He looked at a wall and took aim, throwing it as quickly as he could, watching with satisfaction as it hit a scorch mark *precisely*.

He did the same for his other hand, wanting to be accurate on both hands even though he favored his right hand more than his left.

Pyrem inhaled before putting his hand out and concentrated, narrowing his blue eyes as he summoned a few dozen small flames in the air, twisting his wrist and observed as they began to move in an eccentric pattern. He wasn't as good as his mother who could make it rain fire, or like Asgore or Toriel in the game with their fire attacks. Though he strove to be as good, if not better by the time Frisk arrived.

That was the plan anyway. Though he didn't want to interact with the human child, but if ever he had to and it wasn't a pacifist run? He at least wanted to be able to defend himself, or defeat the other once. Also, he didn't like the thought of being a mediocre flame elemental who's use of fire magic was subpar at *best*. No, that wouldn't do.

Halfway into his training he takes a break, taking note that Panama hadn't appeared throughout the training so far. He pants lightly as he drinks from

his thermos, sitting against the rock as he looked at the newest marks or the new renewed scorch marks on the wall from where he was aiming. He wonders if he should look for her...

He thought a bit more before shaking his head, Panama was a ghost and she was a responsible person. She was probably fine.

Watch out!

Jack, as Panama learned later on, dodged a magic attack from the monster. It was one a random slime-like monster, the brunette had stumbled into the monster on accident and initiated a fight.

Jack had been hit a few times but was going strong, managing to dodge most of the attacks while trying to defend himself. He managed to hit the slime monster a few times as well, and though Panama was cheering Jack on, she hoped he wouldn't--

Crk

Oh no... She gasped as the slime monster's white SOUL appeared above their unmoving body that was practically a puddle, Jack looked confused but was shocked as the upside down white heart cracked before dispersing in little pieces, looking horrified as he realized at what he'd done as the slime puddle turned to dust. Leaving a pile among the snow.

"W-wait...What?" He asked as he took a step back, wincing as he did so, his body reminding him that he was injured. "Did, did I...?" His voice shook, "It. It was an accident! He, it, it was trying to hurt me, I didn't mean to."

Panama wanted to comfort the distraught and obviously shaken young teen but faintly heard the sound of barking, **Jack**. She tried, looking back to where she had heard the faint noise, **Jack you need to go**. She urged, trying to get him to snap out of it. **Jack you need to go!**

Jack blinked, shaking his head and looked around with teary eyes but flinched as he heard the sound of barking, "I, I can't stay here." He

whispered before standing up and looking at the pile of dust, "I'm.. I'm really sorry." He said to the pile in the snow before running ahead, Panama followed him quickly, nervously looking back with an anxious look.

This isn't good.

Pyrem sighed as he stepped off of Riverperson's boat.

"Thanks." He told them, as always the Riverperson stayed silent. For some reason, the hooded figure never spoke a word to him, though curious he never went to find out why, as long as the monster underneath the hood left him alone and did their job he didn't really care.

He walked away from the boat, ignoring the feeling of eyes trained on the back of his head.

Unknown to him, the Riverperson let out a quiet sigh. "...". They looked away and patiently waited for their next customer, ready to take them to where they wanted to be.

He walked home, having decided to cut his training early. He had a feeling that he should, not to mention it felt a bit weird without Panama there. He'd grown use to the cyan blue ghost that would often provide commentary while he trained, conversing during his breaks and just providing company on days he didn't feel like talking or outright felt like he needed silence for a little private moment between the two of them.

He really wonders where she could be.

"Pyrem?"

The young elemental blinked as he hears his name, he turns and blinks, "Mom?" He questioned as the green mother came out of nowhere... and was she wearing her Royal Guard armor?

"And where have you been young man?" She questioned with narrowed eyes and yes, yes she was wearing her armor.

"Uuh..."

Fotia looked at him with a hard stare before it broke and she knelt down to hug him. "I was scared, no one could find you. Don't scare me like that again you hear me?" She told him sternly.

Pyrem looked confusedly at her, "Mom? What's wrong?"

Fotia stopped her hug, looking conflicted before sighing in defeat knowing that her son would only catch her lie if she tried, "A human is in the Underground, they dusted a monster." She told them, she didn't like telling the truth to her youngest son but he was very mature and smart for his age. Not to mention he'd find out sooner or later, and he'd definitely prefer the latter.

Pyrem froze as she continued, "They were last spotted in Snowdin, the canine squad tried capturing them but they escaped into Waterfall." She leveled a look with her youngest soon, "Please tell me you weren't there Pyrem."

He was too surprised to respond properly, "Um... no?" Immediately he wanted to kick himself for that obvious lie, he had been taken off guard and it costed him his ability to lie!

Fotia's grip on his shoulders tightened, "Pyrem... What were you doing in Waterfall?" She questioned tightly, "Is that where you've been heading off to from time to time? Pyrem you know that place is dangerous for a young fire elemental like you!" She scolded with angry but concerned and protective eyes.

Before she could continue or Pyrem could say anything, a voice interrupted. An armored monster with horns protruding from the top of their helmet, "Captain! Captain!" They called out, voice muffled underneath the helmet as they ran up to them.

Fotia stood, a hard look on her face as she turned immediately to the Head of the Royal Guard, "Report." She ordered as she stepped forward.

The guard panted but straightened then saluted, "We've managed to close off the exits of Waterfall ma'am! The only thing left is to find the human and capture them ma'am!" They reported dutifully, causing Fotia to nod in approval.

"Good, send in the squads and be careful. They've dusted one monster, make sure they don't dust another." She barked, sending the soldier out and turning to the curious Pyrem who jolted as he found himself underneath her stern stare.

"Get home right this instant, we're not through with this talk young man." She said with a narrowed and determined stare, Pyrem could only nod before heading home in a sprint. Mind going one million thoughts a minute as he processed what he'd just learn.

There was a *human* in the underground, the second human soul was about to get captured telling by his mother's orders. Was Panama there with them? Did they accidentally kill the monster in self-defense? What soul were they?

Those thoughts stopped as soon as he crossed the household and entered his house, abruptly he was assaulted with twin hugs coming from his father and brother.

"Pyrem!"

"Pyrem, where have you been?!"

They babbled as they both held him in their arms. Pyrem wheezed as he was squished in the process. "D-dad... Iggy..." He gasped, patting their arms frantically, cursing his small body in the process.

They pulled back, looking at him with relieved and concerned eyes, "Where have you been young man?! When Fotia went out and told us a monster's been dusted," Agni started before pausing and he looked almost pained. When the war with the humans happened, he had been one of the monsters that had their family dusted during the first attacks on the monster settlements on the surface, he had personally seen his own parents becoming nothing but dust as the guards saved him and took him away.

It haunted his memories to this day, and the news of a human in the underground and a dusted monster? It only brought those memories back...

Pyrem frowned, "Dad, I'm fine. Look, see? I'm okay." He reassured him, leaning into the hand that was put on his cheek. "I'm okay."

Agni took a deep breath and exhaled just as deep, calming down as he ran a hand through Pyrem's flames.

Grillby looked at Pyrem and got his attention, "I'm glad you're okay, but talk about the wrong time to for things to be like this." He sighed.

Pyrem tilted his confusion, "What do you mean?"

Both older shared a look.

"Verdana's having the baby."

Pyrem blinked, "Crap."

"Pyrem!" "Language"

~P.o.V. Aster~

He gripped his beloved's hand tightly, just as she was holding his as tight as she could. "You're doing great, just hang in there sweetheart." He whispered as Verdana, his beautiful Verdana, panted heavily, eyes aglow with green and orange magic.

"A-Aster..." Verdana gasped out, eyelights fluttering as she laid in the bed. Her magical ecto-belly pulsed and she groaned painfully.

Aster glanced at the doctor, "A bit more, just a bit more." The doctor urged, "Miss WingDing, you *must* push harder, your magic is weak enough from the forming of the baby but you need to *push more* for him to get out of your ecto-magic stomach."

Verdana gritted her teeth, eyelights flashing more, "I-I'm trying!" She moaned, panted, and groaned in pain. She grunted and wailed, her grip tightening she her green and orange stomach *flared*, the small curled up figure in the small bubble of ecto-magic. "Aster." She gasped.

The scaly monster doctor looked up, "Just a bit more Miss WindDing! The head is crowning!"

Aster smiled, "You heard him, just a bit more sweetheart, you can do it! Come on." He told her, wincing as her grip tightened.

Outside the room, both brothers were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their new sibling, their new brother.

Gaster paced along the floor, "Hey Gaster?" He looked at Sans who was nervously fiddling the with the sleeve of his sweater. He was 11 years old now, a couple of more years, he won't need his sweater, after all; striped sweaters were for kids mostly.

"Yes Sans?"

The soon-to-be middle brother looked up to his older brother, a curious but anxious look on his face, "Was... was it like this when I was born?" He asked as he stopped fiddling with his sleeve.

Gaster smiled, "Was it tense and nerve-wracking like right now?" He shot back, the smaller skeleton nodded, "Yes. Dad was inside with mom and here I was, alone out here pacing myself with worry and anxiety." He sat down beside him, a hand on his shoulder, "You should have seen me Sans, I was driving myself over the edge of insanity with the amount of worry I was creating for myself."

Sans blinked, "Really?"

The skeleton scientist chuckled, "Yeah, but when everything was over, Dad called me in and there you were. Tiny in Mom's hands, crying like the little baby you were." He looked amused as Sans pouted at him, narrowing his eyes.

"I wasn't that tiny!"

"Yeah you were, *everyone* was tiny when they're babies. Even I was." Both brothers shared a laugh, the tension lightened as they talked, distracting themselves as time went. Wincing when they heard loud pained noises but Gaster assured Sans that everything was going to be okay.

Then, it came. The sound of a baby crying, muffled between the walls, both skeleton brothers jolted up as the door opened revealing a tired and relieved Aster smiling brightly at them with transparent yellow-ish tears in his eye sockets. "Want to meet your new brother?" He asked, laughing as both of them quickly and eagerly went into the room.

"Mom!"

Verdana looked ragged, tired beyond belief but on her face was a weak yet bright smile. "Hey..." She greeted weakly as they came closer, both brothers gasp in marvel at their newest little brother. He looked just like their mother! "Meet, your new little brother Papyrus." She rasped, transparent magic tears appearing in her still glowing eyelights. Her breath was heavy and she seemed to struggle a bit to sit up, Aster was quick to be by her side and was helping her up, nuzzling her cheekbone with a stray tear escaping as he glanced between her and the newly born Papyrus.

Sans didn't seem to notice the tense but loving atmosphere, eyelights forming stars as he looked at his *younger brother*, oh stars he was a big brother just like Gaster! "hi papyrus." he whispered in greeting, smiling brightly as the small baby skeleton aimed his glowing orange eyes at him, calming from his crying.

Gaster smiled, a warm feeling in his chest as he sees Sans react the *exact* way he had reacted when he himself saw Sans for the first time. Though he frowned as he noticed the small glints of despair in both of his parents' eyelights as they stared lovingly at their children, him included. His face scrunched in confusion before he saw it, *he saw it* and was stricken with horror, seeing a small and slowly growing crack in his mother's skull.

"Wha..."

Verdana smiled sadly, a rattling sigh escaping her before shifting, holding in a groan and gently pushed her newly-born towards Sans, "Here sweetie, why don't you hold him for now?" She asked, smiling as wide as she could.

Sans blinked and sputtered, "w-what?! what if i, wait mom!" He stilled as Papyrus was suddenly in his arms, he held him reverently, as if he was the most fragile thing in existence, "mom what if i drop him?" He whispered feverishly only to stop as Papyrus *giggled* in his arms, cooing at him and tiny baby bony hands were reaching for his face.

Verdana chuckled, it sounded broken but hopeful and a little sad, not that Sans noticed, too preoccupied with the existence of his newest brother. "You'll be fine Sansy, see? He loves you." She reassured him, coughing shortly afterwards.

"Mom, Da--" The eldest son was interrupted, Aster giving him a sad smile.

"Gaster, will you take Sans and Papyrus to wait outside for a while? I need to talk with your mother." He wanted to protest but he saw the pleading look that glanced to Sans, he paused before clenching his fist and gave a reluctant nod.

Gaster gently took hold of Sans' shoulders, nudging him towards the door, "Come on Sans, you heard Dad." He murmured lowly, SOUL aching as he just *realized* on what was going to happen.

Verdana looked on forlornly but kept a small smile on her face, "Goodbye Sansy, Gaster. Be good for your father alright? And take good care of Papyrus." She told them as they left.

Sans blinked, snapping out of his daze to look back as he *finally* recognized the sad tone in her face, "Mom?" He questioned but blinked as Gaster guided him outside. Soon, the three skeleton sons were out of the room, leaving Aster and Verdana alone. The doctor had long gone out of the room, patiently awaiting outside on the request of Aster.

Verdana sighed, then groaned painfully, the cracks on her skull growing, a little piece falling off. "Verdana!" Aster started but stopped as the weak

skeleton mother took hold of his hand once more with both of her hands. "Verdana..." He whispered sadly, more tears accumulating as his wife and SOULmate looked up to him with teary eyes but a big smile on her face.

"I don't... regret having Papyrus." She told him honestly, "Even... even though I knew, it would end.. up like this"

Aster's teeth gritted as he held back a sob, he sees the small hole that was slowly growing bigger, bits and pieces of her cranium falling off and turning to dust, underneath her ribs and the hospital dress, her SOUL cracked as well and Aster could feel her magic weakening.

"Aster." He looked into Verdana's loving eyes, the tears flowing freely now. "Aster promise me, you'll take care of our sons for... as long as you can." She knew, that he'd be devastated, and they were SOULmates, if one were to die the other would follow depending on their will to live and she wanted him to live as long as he could, to take care of their children.

Aster let out a wet sigh, clasping her hands tightly, smiling weakly when her fingers slowly traced the holes in his hands, "... I promise..."

Verdana's smile grew weaker but that didn't stop it from widening, "Good."

Aster leaned closely, Verdana did her best to do the same, "... *I love you.*" He told her, voice shaking and eyes closed tightly.

Hers wasn't any better, shaking as much as Aster's, "*I love you too...*" She whispered as their foreheads came to contact, gently nuzzling against each other as soon enough, her skull was disintegrating, her hands beginning to break apart as well as her magic sputtered, struggling to stay strong but in the end...

Aster's breath rattled as sobs were quick to choke in his throat as he *felt* the Verdana's hands turn to dust and the missing presence of Verdana's skull against his.

"*Goodbye Aster...*"

Aster wept, clasping nothing but dust and flinching heavily at the sound of Verdana's precious SOUL *shattering*. His own cracking ever so slightly but stayed strong.

He had a promise to keep after all...

~P.o.V. Author~

Asgore watched with conflicted eyes as the, *human*, knelt in front of him. He was in Waterfall, near the Garbage Dump.

The male human was entirely motionless, quiet, unlike the last human, a female *child (murderer)* who cried in the end.

This human had *dusted* a monster, and that was unacceptable or forgivable. However...

He watched as stoically as he could as the human male took off the orange gloves and bandana, and kept his head low.

The King of Monsterkind couldn't take it anymore, wanting to end it as soon as he can.

Wordlessly he summoned his red trident, taking aim, the human didn't move an inch and Asgore could pretend just for a moment, the sound of the trident piercing flesh didn't bother him. The human fell completely in the water, staining it with red and the gloves and bandana were swept away from the splash and into the water, floating to the unknown.

"..." He watched the orange soul appear above the corpse, quickly and as gently as he could, he contained the SOUL with the container he had brought with him.

"*For the good of the Underground.*" He murmured to himself as the SOUL pulsed slightly in the container. He sighed before turning back to the corpse, the trident disappears and he hesitates.

"Fotia."

Instantly she is by his side, kneeling in the water, her fiery form hissing slightly at the amount of water but stoically did nothing. "Yes your highness?"

Asgore turned, SOUL in hand, "If you would... please take the body to The Lab."

Fotia nodded as the King walked away, the second human SOUL captured and contained.

The Head of the Royal Guard turns to the corpse and stoically takes it into her arms and heads towards Hotland, hissing slightly as water droplets come in contact with her incendiary hair, she cursed slightly as she reminded herself to bring her helmet the next time she comes to this part of Waterfall. Briskly she orders the other guards, telling them good job and to take care. Their job well done.

Unknown to the leaving monsters, above them a crying Panama looks on with horrified eyes.

No...

Hurriedly she follows Fotia as she remembers how she came to be.

Pyrem sighed as he continued doodling in his notebook, sketching an image of an Echo Flower, trying to draw all the details he could remember while doodling a few silly drawings at the side.

Pyrem!

The young fire elemental blinked and closed his notebook, "Panny! There you are, where... were..." He trails off as his eyes widened in shock.

Panama had been crying lately telling by the cyan tears running down her face, but this time, *she wasn't alone*. **Pyreeeemmm!** She cried out as she *let go of the orange ghost hand and floated towards him with a teary face*.

"What the hell." Was all he said as even though Panama floated towards him, he didn't take his gaze off of the newest ghost in front of him. A male human that was now an *orange ghost*, he looked at him in confusion.

Umm... what's happening? The unknown ghost blurted out in confusion looking around and at himself with wide horrified, but curious eyes, **I, I *died* I know that but, what is going on?!**He panicked.

"That's what I want to fucking know."

Panama sniffed, **Pyrem, language**. She scolded weakly.





Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAND FINALLY

I am tired, but it was worth it!

Age lists, timeskip 4 years:

Grillby - 16 -> 20

Gaster - 25 -> 29

Sans - 11-> 15

Pyrem - 9 -> 13

Papyrus - Just Born -> 4

Panama - GHOST

Jack - 13 -> GHOST

The Plan for a Core

Chapter Notes

Chapter 4!

Sorry for the very, *very* long wait. This chapter was more of a troublesome problem than I thought. At any rate, I hope you guys enjoy!

Reminder of the ages;

Grillby - 16 -> 20

Gaster - 25 -> 29

Sans - 11-> 15

Pyrem - 9 -> 13

Papyrus - Just Born -> 4

Panama - GHOST

Jack - 13 -> GHOST

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

+Fast Forward: 4 years+
~P.o.V Pyrem~

"One! Two! Three!"

Pyrem took his deep breaths as he stayed still, frozen flames bright and alight. His white soul was out but he couldn't move due to the bright blue flames that licked at firey skin, his mother's movement stopping attack, blue fire. Turns out blue magic spanned out not just from bones, fire elementals could learn blue magic as well but those were rare.

Panama and Jack watched from the sidelines as Pyrem was put underneath his latest strained magic training. Courtesy of his mother, Fotia who observed him with careful eyes and a sharp smile. "Getting tired Pyrem?"

She asked sweetly, the same exact question she's asked him for the last four years.

"..." Pyrem huffed but continued, mentally manipulating the balls of fire outside of the blue flame he'd been trapped in, all this was to train his pyrokinesis without movement, a rare feat that Pyrem was determined to master. "Not yet." He ground out stubbornly.

It's been a full 3 hours. Panama noted as she floated besides Jack, That's a new record, 'Go Pyr!' She cheered enthusiastically for him.

Jack smiled, 'Go Pyr'. He cheered with her.

It had been a full four years since Jack had died, since the King acquired the second human soul, since Papyrus had been born and since... Verdana passed away after giving birth to Papyrus.

It was to be expected, it was already a miracle that the monster had survived Sans' birth with her weak bones- Papyrus just pushed her off the ledge. Her passing had caused great grief, especially towards the Wing Ding family. Aster was never quite the same but he tried for the sake of his sons, Gaster took it to stride but almost couldn't deal with it, almost. Grillby was there for him just as Pyrem was there for Sans who didn't take the death of his mother as well.

At first, the middle brother had hated his youngest brother, blaming the small skeleton baby for the passing of their mother. His hate didn't last long, Papyrus was too much of a sweetheart to hate, especially as a baby. Sans managed to keep up 'hating' him for a full month before being utterly besotted by him once more.

Of course it probably helped that his father, big brother, Grillby and Pyrem were there to make him come to his senses.

Four years since his death, Jack had seamlessly blended into the previously private duo that was Pyrem and Panama, a duo becoming a trio.

The ghost of the Bravery had come into terms of his demise rather quickly, in fact he didn't really blame Asgore- he felt rather guilty for killing one of the monsters before he died, even if he didn't mean it, the sight of the monster scattering unto the snow as dust and the white heart shattering afterwards had troubled him for years and even now. Jack couldn't quite look at Pyrem's soul without grimacing as the memory replied in his mind.

Finally, Pyrem let out a pained grunt as he gave in, flames sputtering out as he fell to the ground in exhaustion, wincing at the pain his SOUL gave out as he moved through the blue attack. He panted heavily, eyes tightly closed. He hears clapping from the distance, three sets of hands clapping though he knew he was only suppose to hear one- he never really did find out why he could see the ghosts of Jack and Panama.

"Good job Pyrem, a full four hours and three minutes, that's a new record right there." Fotia hummed with satisfaction, she had been hesitant to train her youngest but she had to admit, just as Pyrem was a prodigy in intellect, he was also a prodigy in magic. Four hours in four years under her training? That was definitely a new record, it took Grillby five years to just do it! She was proud of her sons, they were able to use such strong magic in a short amount of time.

To others it might be a bit long, four years for four hours? But to monsters it was quite a feat, they were primarily ageless or slow-aging, being able to master ones magic in a year was an impossibility, besides, Pyrem and Grillby were still growing incendiary monsters, their magic would continue to fluctuate until they got through their puberty years, which for a monster was certainly longer than a humans. Lasting a bit past their 20s and such.

Pyrem grumbled, mumbling his thanks when his mother put down a Crab Apples and a bottle of Sea Tea. Healing consumable monster food, they were from Gerson who had become a vendor in Waterfall. Though he always gave his mother a discount to the things he sold, like his Crab Apples which healed for 18 HP and Sea Tea which healed for 10 HP.

He didn't really know how much his total health was and he didn't care, not unless he was in a critical state of course.

The blue flame monster sat up, munching on the weird crustacean shaped apple and sighed at the refreshing tea, feeling his HP at its peak once more.

"That's enough training for today I suppose. I've kept you here long enough." Pyrem nodded, standing up to stretch. When his mother had found out he'd been training on his own in Waterfall she had been livid, two days straight she scolded him while his brother and father helped since they were also mad that he had gone off on his own to train. Didn't he know how dangerous and reckless that was?! Suffice to say, Pyrem learned just how protective his family was and how concerned they were over him.

Aside from the uncomfortable feeling of overprotectiveness and familial love, it was... nice to find out that they really cared for his well being to say the least, though a bit annoying since he was sure he could take care of himself.

After the scoldings his family gave him came the scoldings of the WingDing family. Aster did not approve, neither did Gaster, Sans didn't approve either at the start but then seeing at how he was able to control his magic so far had him pestering his father and brother for magic lessons.

Once that was over, Fotia demanded to see the progress of his self-training, suffice to say as much as she disapproved of him training his magic on his own she had to admit that she was impressed by his progress. It was advanced for his age but Pyrem had always been a smart cookie, her words not his, and decided to train him since she knew that Pyrem would stubbornly continue on his training even if they had said no. So, she might as well have a hand in it and keep an eye on her youngest son.

Which lead to their weekly training sessions.

'Finally!' Panama said with a grin, 'As entertaining as always to see you train, it's kinda boring most of the time' She said, floating over to him. Of course, Pyrem can't answer or reply to her with his mother still around. It's frustrating to the ghost of Patience but she understands, it's not exactly normal to be talking to yourself or proclaim they were talking to the ghosts of human children.

Jack nodded in agreement, 'Though it was interesting to see you break your latest record. Even by a minute, I know it's hard for monsters to last as long you do at your age.' Well, not really but he had an inkling. After dying, Panama showed him the whole underground and they spent a lot of days observing other children and comparing them to Pyrem who was vastly different, when he found out that Pyrem was actually a reincarnated human he was as shocked as Panama had been when she found out.

Both tried to pry some information about Pyrem's past life but he didn't relent, barely giving them anything. But sometimes he'd slip a few facts that they'd hold onto and take note of. They were small things but they couldn't help but take note of it.

Pyrem changed out of his sweat-soaked shirt and into his normal sweater.

Usually after turning 12 or 13 or such, monster children were expected to stop wearing striped sweaters for whatever reason. He decided to just keep wearing it for a while longer, he had just turned 13 after all, though his 14th birthday was coming in close.

With training done, Pyrem left Waterfall and headed towards Hotland to visit a certain trio of skeleton brothers. His mother headed back towards New Home to work, unnecessarily reminding Pyrem of their next training session which would happen in a few days.

The training sessions certainly added some business in his life as he lived it. A long thirteen years had passed since he had awoken as Pyrem Ignibus, a flame monster that shouldn't exist but did. He had never really given it much thought, much more focused on actually living his life as a growing flame monster. He didn't remember the game exactly, it's been so long since then but he had managed to jot down the key points he could remember *of* the game and correlated it to his life now.

Chara and Asriel had died when he had been a baby, Gaster had yet to be the Royal Scientist but seeing how things were going he'd become it soon, Sans had become his best friend and was two years older than him, Papyrus had been born four years ago, Grillby was now entering his early twenties and surprisingly enough *still* pining for a certain skeleton scientist, the

ghost of the two human children were following him around and for some reason he could see and hear them.

He was pretty sure something was going on here but he couldn't really find it in himself to really care.

"pyrem!" The blue incendiary monster blinked, looking over to where the familiar voice came from, stopping to a halt from his steps. He had used the Riverperson to get from Waterfall to Hotland as usual, and as usual, the Riverperson refused to talk to him. It was starting to get him curious, he'd look into it later on.

He smiled slightly, though you wouldn't know from the fact he lacked a mouth at the moment, at the sight of Sans.

At the age of fifteen, Sans stood a good head taller than him, much to the other's pride. He had forgone his striped sweater in favor of a blue shirt and black cargo pants. Currently, the middle skeleton brother had his younger brother in his hands, the adorable toddler skeleton dressed in a tiny orange and red sweater and white shorts all the while squirming in his big brother's grip and smiling happily at the sight of Pyrem.

"Sans, Papy." Pyrem greeted with a small smile as both skeletons walked closer to him.

"PERM!!" Papyrus greeted, Pyrem had been a bit hard for the little skeleton to pronounce and by toddler logic, he shortened it into something more manageable; thus, Perm was born. Pyrem wasn't all to bothered by it but he was adamant that only Papyrus would be able to use that nickname and he'd teach the skeleton how to say his proper name later on.

Sans grinned down at him, letting Papyrus down and watching with pride and mirth as the small skeleton dashed towards the fire elemental. "Woah there Papy!" Pyrem chuckled as Papyrus attempted to tackle him down. Unfortunately his small size and the fact Pyrem had been ready for him just had the fire elemental grunting when he accosted his shins. "Heya there buddy, how's it going?" He asked as he scooped the grinning baby bones

into his arms, having some trouble as the energetic skeleton squirmed in his grip as he always did whenever someone picked him up.

Papyrus really looked like Verdana, may she rest in piece, with that smile of his. "GOOD!" Even as a small skelebaby Papyrus was undoubtedly loud, the exaggeration of the Undertale fandom of his voice was actually true, though right now it was an adorable squeaky voice. "WHAT 'BOUT YOU PERM? YOU OKAY?"

'God, these skeletons are absolutely adorable! Espcially Papyrus!' Panama cooed, Jack nodding in agreement. Had Pyrem been able, he'd agree as well so he just agreed mentally.

Jack floated around them, looking over Papyrus and coming closer, 'He's so, pure and small. I didn't even know skeletons could have babies.' Pyrem ignored them as always, couldn't talk to thin air after all.

"Mm, I'm a'ight." Pyrem replied with a smile, putting Papyrus down since he wouldn't be able to really keep carrying him. Still a bit exhausted from his training session with his mother. "Hey Sans."

"hey, finished training?" Sans asks as he went over to Papyrus, preventing him from wandering off by holding his brother's hand, they started to make their way towards the Lab where Gaster most likely was. "cool, i was just about to get to you if you weren't at the lab already." He said with a grin at Pyrem's nod.

Sans had been training lately as well, though his magical training wasn't as... strenuous as Pyrem's, both Aster and Gaster weren't fighting monsters and compared to Fotia who was the Head of the Royal Guard, they weren't that adverse in combat magic as she was. Though formidable opponents since they had their wits and intense magic.

'He broke his record today by a minute! You should've seen it Sans!' The ghost of Patience told Sans even though the skeleton wouldn't be able to hear him. 'Really, it's unfair at how good he is at almost everything. Are you bad at ANYTHING at all?' She complained to him.

"Let's get to your brother and see what's in that head of his." Pyrem said, ignoring Panama's complaints, though he did send her a pointed look when Sans and Papyrus weren't looking. She giggled and both ghosts followed the teens into the laboratory.

As always, the fellow scientists greeted them with familiarity before going back to what they were doing. Pyrem and Sans were regulars at the Lab for obvious reasons. Some might say it was reckless to let children-well, teens now- in the Lab but they were both smart teens, they knew when to stay away and not to meddle with important projects of the scientists there.

"bro! hey!" Sans greeted with a wide grin, Papyrus squealing as he waddled over to the smiling Gaster in his usual work room. Looks like he was reviewing some kind of blueprint that was sketched into the chalkboard on the wall.

Gaster chuckled, kneeling down to take Papyrus into his arms, "Hey there Pap, how's our little babybones?" He asked with mirth, smiling at the face pats he gets from the orange-wearing toddler skeleton. "Sans, Pyrem. Hello there, finished with training Pyrem?" He recalled that today should have been a training day for the fire elemental. He nodded back when Pyrem nodded at him.

"Alright then, we-" Gaster blinked when Papyrus' almost non-existent physical stomach growled in apparent hunger. "Hungry huh Paps?"

The small little skeleton nodded eagerly, "YE! VERY HUNGERY!"

'Aww, so cuute. It's hungry Papy, not hungry.'

Pyrem looked at Sans, "What, didn't feed your brother properly?" He questioned with an amused smirk.

The middle brother held his hands up, "hey don't look at me, paps is an eating machine. give him a three course meal and he'll gobble it up no problem and demand for another course with dessert afterwards." For a small toddler, he sure could eat a lot.

'What a ferocious appetite.' Jack laughed as Gaster unknowingly mirrored his laugh.

"Well there should be some food in the fridge of the Lab's kitchen, you can get Paps a snack." Gaster told Sans, "Go on, feed our hungry little brother." Sans nodded, happily accepting Papyrus who continued to squirm and wiggle, demanding some food to quell his hunger.

"right! c'mon papy, let's get you something to eat. you coming pyrem?"

Pyrem shrugged, "Nah, you both go and feed the little monster. I'll hang back with Gaster." The blue-colored fire elemental watched both skeletons go with a small smirk.

Panama and Jack followed after Sans, wanting to observe more of Papyrus and his adorable ways. Pyrem chuckled and turned to Gaster who's attention went back to the chalkboard, curious, the fire elemental looked over. "A new energy chart for the Underground?" He asked as he looked through the blueprints of the chart, it was a study on the energy output those with electricity based magic provided for the Underground. Actually, lately the power outages had been coming and going as they pleased, they were becoming more and more frequent that it was starting to become a problem.

Gaster was startled out of his thoughts by Pyrem's voice and nodded after recollecting himself, "Ahem, yes, lately there has been some problems with the energy outputs. With out latest experiments on the human SOULS we collected from years ago, the Lab is lacking proper amount of electricity to actually conduct those experiments. Electric magic isn't enough anymore, not if we want to power the whole Underground all the while doing our experiments with the SOULS." He explained, knowing that Pyrem would find out either way even if he wouldn't tell him. The teen was stubborn and smart like that.

Pyrem was glad that both Jack and Panama had gone with Sans and Papyrus, they probably wouldn't like the fact their SOULS were going to be experimented on. "So you're trying to find a solution to the energy problem." He concluded, looking at the chalk board. "Why not make a new

source of energy?" He suggested on the fly, mostly because it was kind of ridiculous that they were having this problem.

Gaster sniffed, "Out of what? There's an idea of using the SOULS to power the Underground but we'd need to experiment on that but there's no extra power to do that. We can't use anymore power to experiment with the SOULS, we've been causing more power outages and the electricity monsters are getting exhausted from our efforts, we can't keep this up."

"Thermal energy."

The purple eyed skeleton blinked, looking towards Pyrem with a questioning look. "What did you say?"

"Thermal energy," Pyrem was getting tired of the power outages, plus it was clear that Gaster wasn't going to be planning for the CORE of the Underground any time soon. Might as well inspire it right now. "We've got plenty of lava in Hotland, water in Waterfall, ice in Snowdin. It could work if planned properly." And just like that, the gears in Gaster's head began to turn.

The fire elemental watched with amusement and interest as Gaster began to furiously wipe away at the chalkboard, grabbing his chalk and scribbling down plans on the board for what Pyrem would assume to be the CORE of the Underground. Or at least plans for a prototype.

"woah, big bro's in the zone. what happened?" Pyrem jumped at the unexpected voice of his best friend who watched with awe as Gaster scribbled and drew on the chalkboard. "pyrem what happened?" He asked again as he looked at Pyrem.

Pyrem blinked, and waved it away, "Oh it's nothing, Gaster's just solving a problem with the Underground. I think this might make him Head Royal Scientist." An informational memory came up, at how the previous Royal Scientist before Alphys disappeared by falling into his own creation. He would be wiped out of existence or so they say...

Pyrem closed his eyes, that wouldn't happen. Not if he had anything to say about it. His big brother was still head over heels over this damned nerd of a skeleton! Like hell he was going to let Gaster just, go non-existent on him! He'd make sure the oldest skeleton brother would survive and date his brother because dammit he was getting tired hearing and watching Grillby pine over Gaster.

'I know that face, that is a very determined face- Pyrem what are you planning now?'

'He can't talk to us, not yet, he'll tell us later I'm sure!'

"Boys, I'm going to need your help with this. This'll take a while, Pyrem can you call Grill to pick up and look after Papyrus?" Gaster asked as he broke away from the chalkboard to address them.

Pyrem rose a brow at the nickname Gaster gave him, maybe his brother actually had a chance to win over Gaster. All he needed to do is work on his wooing skills and they'd probably hit it off. Though that might be hard since Grillby had no romantic skills yet whatsoever, having his incendiary orange eyes aimed at Gaster only, he even rejected a few other monsters who had wanted to date him during his school years.

"Sure. Just hang on a sec, gotta make sure he isn't busy." Of course he won't be busy, if it involved Gaster his big brother would drop anything and come running like a dog to its master. Seriously, the amount of loyalty Grillby was showing was.... kind of weird but admirable he suppose, Grillby would never be the type to cheat and that was nice.

He had an awesome big brother.

As predicted Grillby came running when he heard that Gaster needed him to babysit Papyrus, which he wasn't even against as since he really liked the youngest skeleton child. Aster was busy, and even then his health was deteriorating, with each year passing he was getting closer and closer in reuniting with his beloved Verdana, being SOULmates after all. It was hard

to live life after your mate died and it wasn't long now until Aster would turn to dust and give his title of Head Royal Scientist to Gaster.

Though, it might not be necessary for him to give it himself since King Asgore caught wind of Gaster's plan to make a new source of energy for the entire Underground. Pyrem and Sans helped, having graduated from school and immediately taken in as Gaster's assistants and helped the older skeleton plan and make the CORE a reality.

It took several years, six to be exact, before the CORE was fully functional, and in those six years many things had happened.

Pyrem was 19 when things went wrong, and he was 20 when the third human child came, wearing a tutu and ballet shoes.

Chapter End Notes

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAND that's end of it! Goddamn, half a year?! I am, so so so very sorry about this you guys. I got preoccupied with other things and surprisingly this chapter was harder to write than it looked. I'm not really satisfied with it but it's the best I can dish out currently.

Hope you guys enjoyed! Hopefully the next chapter won't take half a year to update again. :[

Time Skip;

Grillby - 20 -> 26

Gaster - 29 -> 35

Sans - 15-> 21

Pyrem - 13 -> 19

Papyrus - 4 -> 10

Panama - GHOST
Jack - GHOST

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